

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

An Account of the American Baptist Mission to the Burman Empire; in a Series of Letters addressed to a Gentleman in London. By ANN H. JUDSON. 8vo. London, 1825.

WE have, on more than one occasion, expressed our sentiments on the missions to India, and pointed out the almost utter hopelessness of converting the Hindoos to Christianity: the customs of the Hindoos are so totally different, and their prejudices are so firmly rooted, that nothing short of an entire change in the state of society among the natives of India could effect their conversion. The oriental languages, too, furnish another, and almost an insuperable difficulty: the Abbé Dubois, whose work has been noticed in our pages, dwells particularly on this, and it was also felt by Mr. Judson, who, after two years' intense study of the Burman language, calculated that it would take him at least three years more before he could become familiar with it. We shall not, however, now enter into any discussion on the question of missions to India, so far as relates to the conversion of Hindoos, as we consider them of great importance in making us acquainted with the character and customs of the people. A French writer truly observes,—

'L'orageux empire des ondes
Vainement sépare les mondes,
Le commerce les réunit.'

What is here said of commerce will apply, though to a less extent, to missionaries, through whose exertions we have often received the earliest and most correct information respecting countries and people till then but seldom visited; and it is to the active zeal of two missionaries that we are indebted for a very interesting work on the Burman empire—a country which has recently acquired a new importance, on account of the war against it in which we are now engaged.

The Burman empire is a sort of *terra incognita* to Europeans. A general officer, commanding in the present war, in a letter to his friend, recently received, says, 'It is a country very little known to Europeans. Our ignorance of it was as complete as of lands in the moon, although we brought in our ranks many descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the country.' Of Burman, a work professing to give an account, and the truth of which may be relied on, cannot fail to be interesting; and such is the work before us.

It appears from this volume, which is written by Mrs. Judson, that Mr. Judson, who was educated at one of the universities in the United States, and whose piety was unques-

tionable, became anxious to go on a mission, in order 'to attempt to rescue the perishing millions of the East.' With this view he, accompanied by his wife, proceeded to Calcutta in 1812; they were, however, refused permission to remain, in consequence of an unfounded prejudice against missionaries. After encountering other obstacles and difficulties, Mr. and Mrs. Judson determined to go to Rangoon, where, with a zeal and resignation above all praise or earthly reward, they cheerfully relinquished all the comforts of civilized society, to endure the greatest privations; yet it will be seen they were perfectly content. Alluding to their situation and feelings, Mrs. Judson says,—

'Though we find ourselves almost destitute of all those sources of enjoyment to which we have been accustomed, and are in the midst of a people, who, at present, are almost desperate, on account of the scarcity of provisions; though we are exposed to robbers by night, and invaders by day, yet we both unite in saying we never were happier, never more contented in any situation, than the present. We feel that this is the post to which God hath appointed us; that we are in the path of duty; and in a situation, which, of all others, presents the most extensive field for usefulness. And, though we are surrounded with danger and death, we feel that God can, with infinite ease, preserve and support us under the most heavy sufferings.'

In general, however, Mrs. Judson gives a rather favourable picture of the character of the Burmese, who are represented as cheerful, ingenuous, and friendly; some of them possess those finer feelings of humanity, which are more the work of the heart than the result of education: such was the case with the Viceroy of Rangoon's wife, to whom Mrs. Judson was introduced; and who, when Mr. and Mrs. Judson lost their first and only child, showed them the kindest attentions:—

'A few days after the death of our little boy, her highness, the viceroy's wife, visited us, with a numerous retinue. She really appeared to sympathize with us in our affliction, and requested Mr. Judson not to let it too much affect his health, which was already very feeble. Some time after her visit, she invited us to go out into the country with her, for the benefit of our health, and that our minds, as she expressed it, might become cool. We consented; and she sent us an elephant, with a howdah upon it, for our conveyance. We went three or four miles through the woods. Sometimes the small trees were so near together, that our way was impassable, but by the elephant's breaking them down, which he did with the greatest

ease, at the word of the driver. The scene was truly interesting. Picture to yourselves, my dear parents, thirty men with spears and guns, and red caps on their heads, which partly covered their shoulders, then a huge elephant caparisoned with a gilt howdah, which contained a tall, genteel female, richly dressed in red and white silk. We had the honour of riding next to her ladyship; after us, three or four elephants, with her son and some of the members of government. Two or three hundred followers, male and female, concluded the procession. Our ride terminated in the centre of a beautiful garden of the viceroy's. I say beautiful, because it was entirely the work of nature—art had no hand in it. It was full of a variety of fruit trees, growing wild and luxuriant. The noble banyan formed a delightful shade, under which our mats were spread, and we seated ourselves to enjoy the scenery around us. Nothing could exceed the endeavours of the vicereine to make our excursion agreeable. She gathered fruit, and pared it; culled flowers, and knotted them, and presented them with her own hands; which was a mark of her condescension. At dinner she had her cloth spread by ours, nor did she refuse to partake of whatever we presented her. We returned in the evening, fatigued with riding on the elephant, delighted with the country and the hospitality of the Burmese, and dejected and depressed with their superstition and idolatry—their darkness, and ignorance of the true God.'

It may be readily conceived, that to a couple thus cut off from the world of their former acquaintance, and from all those associations connected with early life, the loss of a child must be a severe blow. They both felt it acutely; and Mrs. Judson, in a letter to a friend, describes her feelings with an eloquence which none but a mother could possess:—

'Since worship, I have stolen away to a much-loved spot, where I love to sit and pay the tribute of affection to my lost, darling child. It is a little enclosure of mango trees, in the centre of which is erected a small bamboo house, on a rising spot of ground, which looks down on the new-made grave of our infant boy. Here I now sit; and though all all nature around wears a most romantic, delightful appearance, yet my heart is sad, and my tears frequently stop my pen. You, my dear Mrs. L., who are a mother, may imagine my sensations; but, if you have never lost a first-born, an only son, you cannot know my pain. Had you even buried your little boy, you are in a Christian country, surrounded by friends and relatives, who could sooth your anguish, and direct your atten-

tion to other objects. But behold us, solitary and alone, with this one source of recreation! Yet this is denied us—this must be removed, to show us that we need no other source of enjoyment but God himself. Do not think, though I write thus, that I repine at the dealings of Providence, or would wish them to be otherwise than they are. No: "though he slay me, I will trust in him," is the language I would adopt.'

Mr. and Mrs. Judson, like other missionaries in India, had little success; as it was not until they had been six years at Rangoon that they made a single convert: and in the course of seven or eight years they made no more than three. But even success so trifling excited alarm, and a persecution commenced against them. They then applied to the viceroy for a passport to the Emperor of the Burman empire, and received permission, when they set out, carrying a splendidly-bound Bible as a present. Having reached the capital Amrapoora, they were conducted by Moungh Zah (the Sir Robert Chester of the Burmese court) into a magnificent hall:—

'The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the further avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade, which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained above five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Moungh Yo whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall, as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended, in solitary grandeur, exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strided on. Every head, excepting ours, was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned towards us;—"Who are these?" "The teachers, great king," I replied. "What, you speak Burman—the priests that I heard of last night?" "When did you arrive?" "Are you teachers of religion?" "Are you like the Portuguese priest?" "Are you married?" "Why do you dress so?" These, and some other similar questions, we answered; when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat—his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us; Moungh Zah now began to read the petition.'

The petition prayed that they might be permitted to preach in the Burman empire, and that their hearers might be protected by the government:—

'The emperor heard this petition, and

stretched out his hand. Moungh Zah crawled forward and presented it. His majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through. In the mean time I gave Moungh Zah an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and dress possible. After the emperor had perused the petition, he handed it back, without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of his grace. "O, have mercy on Burmah! Have mercy on her king!" But, alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the two first sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that, beside him, there is no God; and then, with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground! Moungh Zah stooped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Moungh Yo made a slight attempt to save us, by unfolding one of the volumes which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moungh Zah interpreted his royal master's will in the following terms:—"In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them—take them away."

'He then rose from his seat, strided on to the end of the hall, and there, after having dashed to the ground the first intelligence that he had ever received of the eternal God, his Maker, his Preserver, his Judge, he threw himself down on a cushion, and lay listening to the music, and gazing at the parade spread out before him.'

In 1821, Mrs. Judson, on account of ill health, returned to America; but recovering, she joined her husband at Rangoon, whither he had come to meet her from Ava, where he had established himself. In this work, Mrs. Judson gives some interesting notices of the Burmese. Of the priests she writes,—

'When a priest dies he has peculiar honours paid him. Several months since, a neighbouring priest died, or *returned*, for the Burmans think it undignified to say that a *priest dies*; his body was immediately wrapped up in tar and wax; holes were perforated through the feet, and some distance up the legs, into which one end of a hollow bamboo was inserted, and the other fixed in the ground; the body was then pressed and squeezed, so that its fluids were forced down through the legs, and conveyed off by means of the bamboos; in this state of preservation the body has been kept. For some days past preparations have been making to burn this *sacred relic*, and to-day it has passed off in fumigation! We all went to see it, and returned sorry that we had spent our time to so little profit. On four wheels was erected a kind of stage or tower, about twelve or fifteen feet high, ornamented with paintings of different colours and figures, and small mirrors. On the top of this was constructed a kind of balcony, in which was situated the coffin, decorated with small pieces of glass, of different hues, and the corpse, half of

which was visible above the edge of the coffin, entirely covered with gold leaf. Around the tower and balcony were fixed several bamboo poles, covered with red cloth, displaying red flags at their ends, and small umbrellas, glittering with spangles; among which was one larger than the others, covered with gold leaf, shading the corpse from the sun. Around the upper part of the balcony was suspended a curtain of white gauze, about a cubit in width, the lower edge of which was hung round with small pieces of isinglass; above the whole was raised a lofty quadrangular pyramid, graduating into a spire, constructed in a light manner of split bamboo, covered with small figures cut out of white cloth, and waving to and fro, for some distance, in the air. The whole, from the ground to the top of the spire, might measure fifty feet. This curious structure, with some living priests upon it, was drawn half a mile by women and boys, delighted with the sport, and in the midst of a large concourse of shouting and joyous spectators. On their arrival at the place of burning, ropes were attached to the hind end of the car, and a whimsical sham contest, by adverse pulling, was for some time maintained, one party seemingly indicating a reluctance to have the precious corpse burned. At length the foremost party prevailed, and the body must be reduced to ashes! Amidst this there were loud shoutings, clapping of hands, the sound of drums, of tinkling and wind instruments, and a most disgusting exhibition of female dancing, but no weeping or wailing. The vehicle was then taken to pieces, the most valuable parts of which were preserved, and the body consumed.'

It is related of the great preacher Whitfield, that he attended an execution in Edinburgh, in order to see the effect it had on the crowd; we presume a similar motive induced Mrs. Judson to witness Burmese punishments. The first she relates was the execution of four men for attempting to rob a pagoda:—

'Four Burmans were fastened to a high fence, first by the hair of the head and neck, their arms were then extended horizontally, as far as they could be stretched without dislocation, and a cord tied tight around them; their thighs and legs were then tied in their natural position; they were ripped open from the lowest to the highest extremity of the stomach, and their vitals and part of their bowels were hanging out; large gashes were cut in a downward direction on their sides and thighs, so as to bare the ribs and thigh-bones: one, who I suppose was more guilty than the rest, had an iron instrument thrust side-long through the breast, and part of his vitals pushed out in the opposite direction. Thus, with the under jaw fallen, their eyes open and fixed, naked, excepting a small cloth round the middle, they hung dead.'

At another time, seven men were executed for various offences. She says:—

'On our arrival there, we heard the report of a gun, and looking about, we saw a man tied to a tree, and six others sitting on the ground with their hands tied behind them. Observing the man at the tree, we saw a circu-

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lar figure painted upon his stomach, about three inches in diameter, for a mark to shoot at—for he was to die in this way. At that moment, there was another discharge of a musket, but the shot again missed; a third and fourth time he was fired at, but without effect. At every shot there was a loud peal of laughter from the surrounding spectators. He was then loosed from the tree, and a messenger sent to the governor, who returned with a reprieve. His younger brother, who was one of the seven, was then tied to a tree. The first shot slightly touched his arm; the second struck him in the heart, and he instantly expired; at the same moment, the remaining five, each at one blow, were beheaded. We went close to them, and saw their trunks, and their heads, and their blood. We saw a man put his foot on one of the trunks, and press it with as little feeling as one would tread upon a beast. Their bodies were then dragged along on the ground a short distance, and their heads taken up by the hair and removed. The two brothers, when condemned to die, requested to be shot, asking, at the same time, to be pardoned if the fourth shot should miss. The elder brother was, therefore, spared, while the fate of the other was more lamentable. The superstitious Burmans suppose, from the circumstance of the request of the two brothers, and the escape of the elder one, that some charm prevented his death. The crimes of these poor creatures were various. One had been digging under a pagoda; another had stabbed a woman, but had not killed her; the others, as nearly as we can learn, were robbers.

We need not, we are sure, add any remarks to recommend this work to the public, since its literary merit and the interest of the subject will do that more effectually than our praise.

The Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1824. 8vo. pp. 1009. London. Rivingtons.

THE Annual Register is a work whose popularity is too well known, and its merits too firmly established, to render it necessary that we should enter into any particular description of its character. It is what such a work ought to be—a faithful record of the political events, foreign and domestic, of the year; a journal of interesting occurrences; a history of Europe; a register of state papers and other official and statistical documents; a record of the progress in the arts; an obituary; a catalogue of new works; and an epitome of the literature of the year to which it relates. That a work embracing subjects so multifarious and so important, if well executed, should be popular, can excite no surprise: and that it is well done, we think, in the volume before us, will not be doubted by those who are close observers of the progress of events. The Annual Register is, in fact, a work which no good library can want without being defective; even to casual readers, whatever may be their taste, it cannot fail of being acceptable, from its variety as well as from its reminiscences; while, as a book of reference, it is peculiarly valuable.

The Annual Register for the year 1824 exhibits the same honest views in politics, the same industry in the collecting of facts, and the same good taste that has marked former volumes; and we feel no hesitation in recommending it to the public. From the substitution of a smaller text in a part of the chronicle, it embraces a larger portion of matter than preceding volumes; and, if it contained an index, we should consider it an additional advantage. The editor, in his retrospect of politics, does justice to the enlightened policy of the present ministers. On this subject he says:—

‘The general aspect of our commonwealth presents at this moment a most animating spectacle of moral and political greatness. Perhaps, taken altogether, the annals of mankind may be said to present nothing similar to it. The distinguishing feature of our empire consists in the manner in which its political supremacy is founded on commercial prosperity; and this last is cherished by the effects of our system of civil policy. Hence it is, that our political greatness derives a moral character from the bases upon which it is established; hence, too, springing directly from our popular institutions, and the energies of our commercial industry, its foundations are laid on a system of things, which, at the same time that it powerfully promotes our internal prosperity, is eminently conducive to the political improvement and general civilization of mankind. This is a circumstance that honourably distinguishes the British empire from almost every other recorded in history; founded as they have commonly been upon the mere ascendancy of brute force, or military fortune. Commercial success, on the other hand, implies reciprocal benefit. We cannot grow rich without proportionably making our neighbours richer; their interests and our own are thus in a manner identified; an important truth, which it was reserved for the last generation to discover, and for the present first to act upon; and the progressive operation of which on the persuasion and practice of mankind, affords fairer ground than any which the visions or speculations of philanthropy have yet presented, for the hope that a period may one day be put to the absurd and wicked habits of war, which have so long disgraced and afflicted the species. Or if this is a consummation which the natural prevalence of man's passions over his reason forbids us to look forward to, there can, we should think, be little doubt but that in proportion as the commercial relations of nations are multiplied and extended, in the same degree will be augmented their motives to remain at peace with each other. Formerly, commercial jealousy was in itself not an unfrequent ground of war; it was then thought that one country could not gain but at the expense of another, and no doubt much of that feeling still operates with the less informed portion of the European community. Nothing, however, is more likely to disabuse them on this point, than the result of the experiment which England, so long the patroness of the exclusive system, is now making in her own regulations. However they may distrust our gene-

ral reasonings on these matters, the practical exemplification of it afforded by our custom-house returns will present an argument to which they will not find it so easy to refuse their conviction.’

A Practical Treatise on Life Assurance, &c. By F. BLAYNEY, Esq. 8vo. pp. 216. London, 1826. Clarke.

THE familiar style in which Mr. Blayney has written on a subject so deeply interesting to the provident and intelligent, will doubtless obtain for his work a very general perusal. He classes life-assurance institutions in the first rank of political economy, and, although unknown till within about a century, they have produced, and must continue to produce, the most important advantages to almost every branch of society. He says—

‘The first and real intention of life-assurance was simply that of establishing and maintaining, by annual contributions, a capital to be applied for the sole and exclusive benefit of the contributors or persons assured; so that a society of persons, if of sufficient number, without any fixed capital, might, by their annual contributions, to be improved at compound interest, raise a fund sufficient to meet their respective claims, as they might arise, besides leaving a surplus capital either to be divided among themselves by way of bonuses, or kept in reserve to answer any claims that might arise during a season of unusual mortality, which capital as it increased, might again be reduced by bonuses among the members. This has been fully exemplified by two or three of the leading institutions of this kind. But, in consequence of the success which has uniformly attended the operations of life-assurance institutions, the first intention of life-assurance has been invaded, and the business thereof has been taken up by commercial or proprietary companies, who have embarked, or rather ho'd themselves answerable for, certain capitals which they offer as guarantee to the public, and as a compensation for such guarantee they retain the whole or a greater part of the profits or surplus capitals, realised by their respective concerns, to the exclusion of the persons assured, whose interest is confined barely to the sums actually assured by them; consequently the profits or surplus capital of a company thus formed, are absorbed by its proprietors, whilst in a mutual assurance society they belong exclusively to the members.’

‘The uniform success which has hitherto attended the operations of the old established office*, and the rapid increase of the business of life-assurance within the last twenty years, have alike promoted competition, and led to a considerable increase in the number of assurance offices during that period, each of which has professedly given birth to a constitution somewhat dissimilar to that of precedent offices. But the leading distinction of assurance institutions at present established, may be classed as follows, namely, *proprietary*, *mutual guarantee*, and *proprietary and mutual guarantee* (the latter partaking the qualities of the two former). Again, the first

* The Amicable Society.

may be approved of for security, the second for profits, and the third for security and profits; hence, to the *assured* some institutions will be found to afford the greatest *pecuniary advantage*, while others hold out the *firmest security* (by a subscribed capital) against a season of *extra* mortality, or other untoward event. It is therefore incumbent on every individual, before he embarks in life-assurance, to inform himself on the subject, and endeavour to secure to himself or his family the best pecuniary advantage with the least possible risk.

'Life-assurance business is now regulated with such mathematical accuracy, and the probable duration of human life ascertained with so much certainty, by the test of actual experience, as to enable an office to determine the exact amount of premium which, with its accumulation of interest, will produce, at the end of the period assigned to the life, a fund sufficient to pay the sum assured, besides leaving a small surplus towards defraying the expenses of the establishment, and in aid of a moderate capital to meet contingencies, but to be occasionally reduced by bonuses at stated periods; beyond this the benefits of life-assurance cannot be extended.

'Among the recently-formed life-assurance institutions, the most novel, and perhaps the most interesting and useful, are the *Medical Clerical*, and *Asylum*, which are established for the ostensible purpose of affording an extension of the benefits of life-assurance, to such persons as would, according to the accustomed rules of life-assurance offices in general, be rejected by them. Until lately, a person afflicted with any particular disorder, which might tend to the shortening of life, however healthy in other respects, could not make a provision for his family by an assurance on his life, such life being considered exceptionable as deviating from the common standard of health. This defect, therefore, has been supplied by the establishment of the *Medical, Clerical, and Asylum* offices, which, under the superintendence of eminent medical men, will accept *all lives*, however bad, and, under any circumstances, at premiums proportioned (it is said) to the risk.

Mr. Blayney remarks, that the principles of law, which regulate marine assurances, commonly apply to life-assurances, and are clear and indisputable, as laid down in decided cases in his work; but, as we cannot go sufficiently into detail to quote these, we will pass on to points of a more general character, contenting ourselves with the remark that all unincorporated joint-stock companies are, in contemplation of law, partnerships, and affected by the law incident to partnerships.

'To enumerate all the cases in which life-assurance might be found beneficial, would, perhaps, be a task of some difficulty; but, to all persons whose incomes depend either upon their own lives or the lives of others, and arise from church preferment, pensions, annuities, salaries, or from their own professional talents or industry, life-assurance is of the utmost importance; as, by paying such an annual sum as can be conveniently spared from their incomes, persons may secure a

suitable or at least some provision for their families.

'The origin of the practice of life-assurance cannot be traced to any precise period. The first public institution established for that purpose was the Amicable Society, previously to which life-assurance was confined to a few individual underwriters.'

The business of life assurance, being but imperfectly understood, did not advance rapidly; and, notwithstanding the establishment of the Union, London Assurance, and Royal Exchange, it was not till the formation of the Society for Equitable Assurances in 1762, which was attended with amazing success, that the advantages of life-assurance became duly appreciated. The Westminster Office was next established, in 1792, which was followed by the Pelican, Globe, &c.:

We are told 'it cannot be too strongly recommended to persons wishing to effect assurances, either on their own lives or the lives of other persons in any office, to refer the office to medical gentlemen, who, by their previous knowledge and acquaintance of the state of health and constitution of the party, as also by an examination of the latter at the time the assurances are proposed, can certify their healths to be good; or otherwise an assurance office might, in the event of a hard bargain, take advantage of a defective warranty of health.'

'The contract of insurance is founded upon the purest principles of morality and abstract justice. Hence, it is necessary that the contracting parties should have equal knowledge or ignorance of every material fact or circumstance which may or can affect the insurance. If, on either side, there is any misrepresentation or concealment which would in any degree affect the amount of premium or the terms of the engagement, the contract will be deemed fraudulent, and absolutely void.

'Policies on lives are equally vitiated by fraud or falsehood as those of marine insurance, because they are equally contracts of good faith, in which the insurer, from necessity, must rely upon the integrity of the insured for the statement of circumstances, so that the very essence of a contract for life-assurance is in observing good faith and integrity, and avoiding any representation that is not founded in truth, or concealment of any fact that may give either party an advantage over the other, as every material representation is considered as forming an ingredient in the contract.'

'It has long been the opinion of eminent calculators, that the premiums demanded by assurance companies in general are nearly *fifty per cent.* more than sufficient for every purpose of security, or to satisfy the ordinary claims that may arise, and for this principal and obvious reason,—that premiums are computed on the supposition that money is improved only at interest of three per cent.

'It is most important, both for the safety of the public and the protection of an assurance company, that the premiums required should be sufficient not only to cover any risk and expense, but also to leave a moderate surplus to form into a reserve fund to meet any unusual claims.'

The interest and importance of Mr. Blayney's work has led us farther than we contemplated; we shall, therefore, now close with giving a valuable table of rates of insurance at the different offices, which, with the hints already thrown out, will enable such of our readers as may wish to effect assurances to do so with judgment;—but, at the same time, we recommend them, and practical men in particular, to consult the original:—

The following Tabular View exhibits the Rates of Premium charged by the several London Assurance Offices for assuring £100 for the whole Life, at the undermentioned Ages, (the Premiums for the intermediate Ages being in the same Proportion.)

AGE NEXT BIRTH-DAY.	Twenty.		Thirty.		Forty.		Fifty.		Sixty.	
	£.	s. d.	£.	s. d.	£.	s. d.	£.	s. d.	£.	s. d.
Albion	2	3	7	2	13	5	2	10	6	7
Alliance	1	16	11	2	9	2	2	10	6	7
Amicable	2	0	6	2	10	6	2	10	6	7
British Commercial	1	15	0	2	5	0	2	9	2	10
Continental	1	19	6	2	10	4	2	10	4	2
Crown	1	19	11	2	13	0	2	10	4	2
Economical	1	13	0	2	3	11	2	8	1	2
European	1	18	1	2	10	7	2	10	7	2
Guardian	2	1	0	2	11	11	2	11	11	2
Medical Clerical, &c.	2	1	6	2	11	11	2	11	11	2
Norwich Union	1	19	6	2	10	7	2	10	7	2
Sun	1	16	11	2	9	2	2	10	7	2
Surrey	2	1	0	2	10	7	2	10	7	2
West of England	1	19	3	2	8	0	2	8	0	2

The rates of premium in the Asylum Office are not fixed, being regulated according to the individual health of the assured: the following offices are the same as the Albion:—Atlas, Eagle, Equitable, Globe, Hope, Imperial, Law Life Association, London Association, London Assurance, Palladium, Pelican, Provident, Rock, Royal Exchange, Star, Union, and Westminster.

MEMOIRS OF HANET CLERY.

(Concluded from p 818.)

THE more we know of the character of Louis XVI. and his lovely wife, Marie Antoinette, the more are we convinced of the baseness of those atrocious calumnies heaped on them during the Revolution. They appear to have been amiable, kind-hearted, and sincere. As an instance of this, on the part of the queen, our author relates the following anecdote:—

'The benevolent disposition of the royal family made them acquainted with all the wants of all classes, and happily set aside those court usages which often leave industry

and talent unprotected. I will give another instance of this besides that of Seraphin.

'Marie Antoinette, when dauphiness, had Messrs. Legai and Larsonnier for hair-dressers, who, having filled this situation during the lifetime of the late queen, could only serve her majesty. The ladies of her court were, however, frequently much better dressed, and with more variety. The young queen took care to give the men all the advantages of their situation; but she named young Léonard, afterwards the famous Léonard, and his cousin, as her particular hair-dressers, whom she reserved for her days of reception; so that, as hair-dresser extraordinary, he was not obliged to reside at Versailles, and was therefore ready for those ladies who required his assistance.

'The ladies of the old court exclaimed against the impropriety of having a hair-dresser for the queen who had, perhaps, just been dressing a Mademoiselle Guimard, or some such person. "Ladies," said Marie Antoinette, "if the first painter or sculptor were only to be employed in multiplying the portrait of his majesty, do you think he could ever acquire that perfection which can only be attained by various studies? Is it not to the emulation and ambition to excel, which is excited among artists, that we owe those chef-d'œuvres which ornament our palaces and our galleries? This Guimard, whom you speak of, is she not herself a model for grace and elegance, and the ornament of the stage? And should not every art be considered honourable that can add to her beauty? Pray, then, allow Léonard to continue exercising his profession on every one who will employ him, both to increase his talent and his fortune."

'It was to this firm resolution of the queen's, that Léonard owed the immense riches which he acquired; and, for the honour of the arts and industry in general, it must be owned that he made the very best use of them.'

The queen was accused of not sufficiently adhering to etiquette; but Clery says she only neglected it on frivolous occasions, and adds:—

'Much reformation and economy is owing to her; amongst other instances, the abolition of that useless and ridiculous expense, which Louis XIV. had established on a particular occasion, called *l'en cas de nuit*; it was on the following account:—

'The great dauphin, when five or six years old, had boils all over his body; he was so much tormented with them, that the physicians were obliged to pass several nights in his apartments. They prescribed for him baths of Bordeaux wine; and as it was necessary to provide provisions for the physicians, Louis XIV. gave an order which regulated the quantity and quality of these provisions; it appeared under the name of *en cas de nuit*. From its curiosity, I will give the order as it was issued:—

"Every evening shall be brought to the king, the queen, and each of the children, of France,

"Two large basins of broth or soup;

"A capon, or two small roast chickens;

"Eight rolls and butter;

"Eight fresh eggs;

"Two bottles of the best Bordeaux wine."

'This precaution was doubtless necessary at the time it was taken; but in continuing it, when it was useless, it became an abuse—*l'en cas de nuit* became every morning the profit of the footmen, who sold for five or six francs what had cost thirty-six or forty; and from this *en cas de nuit* arose the *en cas* for the morning, the middle of the day, the evening, &c. It is to their majesties that is owing the total suppression of the *en cas*, and the *bougies* in 1788. I hope I may be allowed to add, that this plan, which economized more than 200,000 francs a-year for the establishment of the four children of France, was the result of a memoir which I presented to Madame de Polignac.

'I think I have now proved that, if the queen disdained etiquette in futile and insignificant things, she knew how to enforce the observance of it in things of real importance to her rank and dignity.'

We shall now relate an anecdote of Louis XVI., to which we have alluded:—

'Louis XVI., who was always an early riser, liked to take long walks on foot with the captain of his guards; some pages followed, but always at a great distance.

'With his grey cloth coat, and breeches of the same colour, his white waistcoat, his orders on his waistcoat, and hidden by his coat, which was buttoned close; his grey stockings, and shoes with small buckles; his hair rolled up, and tied behind; a round hat, and a large stick in his hand; he looked more like a private gentleman walking through his estate than a King of France; in this manner Louis XVI. was to be seen every morning, when he did not hunt, at the end of his park or in the roads round about it.

'One day, as he was walking with the Prince de Poix, who was dressed as himself, he was crossing a road where he met a cart loaded with wine; the driver was flogging his horses in an unmerciful manner to get the cart out of a hole where it had fallen. He approached and said, "Why do you ill-treat your poor animals in this manner?" "Ah, sacré!" replied the carter in a passion; "come, let us see if you can do better than me, there is my whip."

Louis XVI. took the whip without any hesitation, and, with the other hand seizing the leading rein, he set to work. The cart was soon put in motion; but on the side where there was nothing to oppose it, he shortly overturned it, and the carter began to swear, as carters can swear.

"Well, my friend," said his majesty; "the harm is now done, the next thing is to repair it; we will help you." He then, seconded by the carter, some passers-by, and the Prince de Poix, who was obliged to imitate his master,—he then, I say, with all his heart and all his strength, and he was very strong, assisted in unloading the cart, setting it up, and loading it again. You should have seen how dirty he was? The pages, who came up at that moment, recognised him, and exclaimed "The King!" The carter, frightened at this discovery, ran to hide himself in the wood. The king sent for him,

and he was brought back quite trembling. "Why do you run away?" said he; "are we not good people?—have we not assisted you? Here, take this to console you:" and he put several pieces of gold into his hand. Louis XVI. returned to the palace covered with mud, but laughing with all his heart.'

Louis XVI. had a great aversion to gaming, never playing for more than half-a-crown a game. We now approach the era of the Revolution—a subject which has already occupied much space in our pages; and we shall, therefore, only quote the account of the memorable and fatal 10th of August, 1792:—

'As soon as their majesties and all the royal family had been—I may say taken by force from the Tuileries to the National Assembly, we each of us, thinking of our own safety, took refuge in the queen's apartments on the ground-floor, and we barricaded the door; it was soon burst open, and we were on the point of being murdered. I opened the window which was near to the terrace, and I said to my brother, Let us jump into the garden, and save ourselves; and immediately, without considering the height, which was from ten to fifteen feet, I jumped out the first; my brother followed; and all who were there imitated our example, excepting a man named Diet—one of the queen's footmen, and another named Fetick, who had hidden themselves under the bed, and were both murdered.

'Owing to my being lighter or stronger than my brother, I jumped without doing myself any injury; but he hurt his thigh, though not sufficiently to prevent his walking. He at length, with much difficulty, reached Versailles; and I returned to my mills.

'We soon learned the imprisonment of the royal family in the Temple; it may be easily imagined how distressed we were at this intelligence. Some days after, Clery came to my house. Although he, his wife, and myself, had lost our situations at court, we were still sufficiently at our ease to wait patiently the course of events; but we were grieved at this loss, and what we most wished for was, to resume our attendance on the dauphin and *madame royale*; but we feared it to be impossible. Clery said to me, "My dear Hanet, I am resolved to undergo every privation to be allowed to rejoin my master, and to consecrate my life to his service; but I cannot do so without your assistance, and without feeling secure of the fate of my wife and children; you must promise me, my brother, that you will never abandon them." As I was about to take the engagement he demanded—"Remember, Hanet," he continued, "the oath you took on our father's death-bed; he confided our mother and all the family to your care; your knowledge of agriculture rendered you more suited to take his place than I was;—besides, you are here at the head of an establishment that you owe to the king's bounty. You are no longer your own master, Hanet—you may not break the promise you made to a dying parent, or betray the king's confidence. I am about to add another link to the chain which binds you, in reclaiming all your care for these whom I leave behind me: I assure you,

my brother, that you are serving our unhappy princes, by assisting a faithful servant to give himself up to their service, and even to lay down his life for them, if necessary. I am your elder brother," he added, in that solemn manner which he sometimes assumed, "and I demand this sacrifice of you."

"I made the promise he required. God knows if I have not always considered it sacred, and faithfully fulfilled it. Clery is no more; his widow has followed him to the grave; but let any one of his surviving children come and accuse me of forgetting my word. Perhaps they may remember that their actual situation in life is owing to me."

THE COMPLETE GOVERNESS.
(Concluded from p. 824).

THE time has long passed in which woman was considered an inferior animal, to whom intellectual acquirements were not only unnecessary but even unattainable; for although the world has not produced a female Shakespeare or Milton, or indeed perhaps any instance in which the sex has rivalled the self-elected lords of the creation in genius or knowledge, yet this will not appear extraordinary when we consider how very little the mind of females has been cultivated. If women had not prejudices against them to contend with, but were placed in a similar situation with the male sex, we are firmly persuaded the distinctions now made, as to the education of the two sexes, would vanish. We do not, we confess, want learned ladies, but we would have all females possess that general knowledge which might enable them to be well informed without being pedantic. Such, we conceive, is the object of the Complete Governess; and we think it well calculated to promote it. Systematic in its arrangement, it not only points out, but is in itself, a good course of female education, containing a great body of useful information. The following are additional extracts:—

"Matter is supposed to be in itself inactive, that is, incapable of producing any change upon itself; and this property is called its *inertia*. In consequence of this, it does not change its form or its place, without the action of some force; and it is altogether beyond our comprehension to imagine how it could be either produced or destroyed. We refer the production of it to the immediate action of God, as the great first cause or creator, and as we cannot suppose anything to be impossible with that Being, we suppose that at his pleasure it would also cease to exist; but how he acted in the one case, or would act in the other, are matters altogether unlike anything with which we are acquainted; and, therefore, they are too mysterious and sublime for our philosophy. Indeed, wherever we think of power or action, as apart from the thing which is the immediate agent, and the thing upon which that agent acts, we are driven to the same difficulty. For let but the slightest change, the simplest occurrence, happen, and we find that there is always something in it which we cannot understand, and which, therefore, we are unable to explain. A leaf falls from the tree, or we lift this book from the table.

These are simple in themselves; and yet each of them is beyond the reach of our most careful inquiry. In the first instance, we may be able to say that the leaf was broken by the wind, or nipped by the frost, and that, its connection with the tree being thus destroyed, it fell as a matter of course; and we may say that the book is lifted from the table in consequence of our having the will and the wish to lift it, putting our hand to it in the proper manner, and having sufficient strength; but when we have said this, we have not stated the cause—the real energy by which the events were brought about; we have only stated other events which took place in time before these, and to which we have usually found these following. Why the one should follow the other we cannot tell, any more than we can tell how the matter which forms the book or the leaf came at first into existence. Thus we are obliged to refer to the same invisible and all-powerful Being—the Author of matter, and the cause of all its forms and all their changes; and thus, if we take it aright, we cannot take one step in the most simple path of philosophy, without finding out that there is One, wiser and mightier than we, whom Nature obeys in all her changes, and sets forth in all her productions, in a way calculated to excite in us emotion, awe, astonishment, and admiration, which we can feel towards no other being; and thus, by pursuing our inquiries aright, every step that we take in the knowledge of nature conducts us necessarily to a more perfect knowledge and more sincere adoration of Nature's God."

"No doubt the whole of the accomplishments have some general principles, some connection with one or other of the branches of philosophical knowledge; but this forms but a small part of them; and, though it were ever so fully described, and the description ever so carefully studied, one would be no nearer than ever to the performing of the operations. Thus in the case of dancing, for instance, no volumes, however carefully written, and no lectures, however long or carefully repeated and attended to, could enable one to assume the attitudes, and perform the motions, that might be acquired by an hour or two of practice, in imitation of a teacher who could assume the one, and perform the other, gracefully. The reason seems to be, that the body can of itself find out the balances which impart firmness, yet lightness and grace, to the attitudes and movements, much better than they could be found out by the most careful observation, and the nicest calculations of the mechanical philosopher.

"Music has a good deal more of science in it than dancing, because it combines the principles of mechanics and acoustics; but still it may very fairly be doubted, whether all the writing that could be written, or all the lectures that could be delivered, could enable a person who had not practised to modulate a single note, or bring anything like melody or harmony out of the best-constructed instrument.

"Those two arts, and indeed all the arts by

which the voice, the carriage, and the hand can be improved, must be tried and tried again, before they can be acquired. No doubt, after a certain progress has been made, the principles may be studied, and they will be the better understood that the pupil has been instructed in general knowledge; but to begin with them would be to begin at the wrong end; and we should just as soon expect a country peasant to make an elegant porcelain vase, by our reading him a lecture upon aluminary action, turning lathes, colours, and enamels, or a man who was blind to write us a treatise on the nature of colours, and, unassisted by others, to perform what he taught, as to communicate to the understanding anything which depended originally or solely upon the management of the limbs, the ears, the tongue, or the fingers.

"Those accomplishments, whether their object be to give elegance to the body when in a state of repose, grace and spirit to it in walking or in dancing, dignity and safety when riding on horseback; or whether their object be to teach the tongue and the instrument to charm by the sweetness, the melody, and the variety of sounds; or whether, again, they are intended to make the labour of the hands conducive to elegance and utility, must all be acquired from the example of others, and may all be acquired by one who is unable to understand one principle of knowledge, or even to read one line of a book. Every person, learned or unlearned, may, by practice, make some progress in all of them; but, before it can with certainty be foretold that any one shall become eminent in any one of them, there are certain conformations that must be evinced; and though many have written "about it, and about it," no one has been able, apart from seeing the actual performance, to tell what are the requisites upon which a graceful figure and movement, or an enchanting musician, depend.

"In consequence of the impossibility of treating those parts of the subject in such a manner as that the acquisition of them would be forwarded by it, it is not intended to make the attempt. All that the pupil requires, in addition to the personal directions and example of the teacher, may be found in the ordinary books; and though there be a sort of philosophy in them, that philosophy does not, like the philosophy of manner, guide us in the first instance to the practical application.

"To compensate this defect, however, Nature herself appears to have made ample provision; for young people have a natural fondness for those exercises and accomplishments, which few of them evince for those studies which, while they are a far more severe exercise to the mind, leave the body comparatively at its ease; and thus, perhaps, the best general rule is, to gratify those natural tendencies as far as may be consistent with the circumstances and other studies of the pupil. Those exercises, especially, which, by exercising the body, give firmness to the constitution, at the same time that they give elegance to the form, ought not to be neglected; and perhaps, if a few tens of thousands of hours—during which little girls, whether they be

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fond of the business, and successful at it or not, are condemned to sit erect on three-footed stools, and fret and hammer anything but music out of the various instruments in fashion—were devoted to graceful and active exercises, which would give occupation to the whole figure, neither the graces nor the fascinations of ladies would be diminished. By this it is not meant to be alleged, that music is not a good thing;—when properly performed, it is one of the most innocent and delightful of all human pleasures; what is complained of is, that, in very many cases, a great deal of time is wasted, while that which is acquired at so much expense is, to all who may thereafter be visited with it, an infliction, and not a pleasure. If it can be had good, by all means have it at its fair cost in time; but, if it be impossible to communicate the real accomplishment, do not sacrifice other matters for that which is painful in the acquisition, and more painful in the use.

'Some may be disposed to ask, how the time of those unsuccessful hunters after the wind is otherwise to be filled up; to which there is this ready and obvious answer: let them do anything else which has no tendency toward vulgarity, idleness, or vice, and they are sure to be better employed. To reason people out of their absurdity upon this subject is just as hopeless as the communication of the practice of the art by reasoning is impossible.

'There is one accomplishment, however, which depends less upon positive conformation, and more upon general principles, than those which have been now enumerated; and therefore the few remaining pages of this volume shall be devoted to a notice of it. The art alluded to is drawing, which, though it be not so popular as music, because it is less calculated for temporary show, and also perhaps because perfection in it requires more general knowledge, is yet far more applicable to the common occupations of life, and far more intimately connected with that portion of education which is mental. In so far, indeed, as drawing consists in the mere use of the eye and the fingers, it comes within the class of mere arts; and it would be just as difficult to enable one to make a picture by a lecture upon light and colours, as it would be to play a piece of music by a lecture upon vibrating-chords and thorough-bass; but still there is more of science, or, if you will, a reference to more sciences, in the one than in the other; and, therefore, a few words upon it may not be wholly useless.'

The Mission to Siam, and Hué, the Capital of Cochin-China, in the Years 1821-2. From the Journal of the late GEORGE FINLAYSON, Esq., Surgeon and Naturalist to the Mission. *With a Memoir of the Author, by Sir S. Raffles, F. R. S.* 8vo. pp. 497. London, 1825. Murray.

MR. FINLAYSON, from whose journal this volume is compiled, was one of three brothers, who, born of humble parents in Scotland, by their talents, perseverance, and good character, raised themselves to respectable situations in life, as army surgeons. One of them is supposed to have been murdered on his way

to Paris, after the battle of Waterloo; and George died on his way home from India, after he had accompanied the mission to Siam.

The mission, of which Mr. Crawford was the chief, left Calcutta in November, 1821, arrived at Siam, and had an audience; but, like many missions, its chief importance lies in the knowledge it gives us of the country and people; and this work possesses an additional interest, on account of the proximity of the Siamese to the Burmese, with whom we are now at war. We shall not detain our readers with an account of the voyage, but will beg them to imagine Mr. Crawford and his companions to have proceeded so far as to reach an open court of the palace of his majesty of Siam. Our author thus proceeds:

'After we had waited somewhat less than half an hour, it was notified by two men, dressed in an upper garment of white cloth, in the fashion of a wide shirt, with a narrow strip of coarse lace about the middle of the arm, and another at its extremity, that we were called for. These men appeared to me to belong to the police department; and afterwards, when they accompanied us to see the elephants and other objects, they occasionally applied the rod with laudable vigour, to maintain order amongst the rabble. Without addressing themselves to the agent to the governor-general, they now delivered their message to the Moormen. The latter proposed that we should here pull off our shoes, and walk the remainder of the way without them. This, however, was overruled, and we again turned into the road which we had left on entering. A line of men armed with muskets was drawn up on each side of the road, and extended to the next gate. Nothing could be more ridiculous or more unsoldier-like than the appearance of this guard, composed of puny boys, scarce able to stand under a musket, and of men of all ages. In their caps only was there anything like uniformity observable. These were all painted red, and I cannot give a better idea of them than by saying that they exactly resembled the slouched helmets once worn by the workers of fire-engines at home. They scarcely had boldness to look us in the face as we passed; and among the whole number, which perhaps might amount to one hundred, we did not observe a single flint, nor possibly a serviceable musket. Some had bayonets with scabbards on their muskets, and others scabbards without bayonets. With their muskets awkwardly and slovenly shouldered, some on one side and some on the other, we passed them without exciting sufficient interest to obtain the least notice.

'When we had arrived at the gate in front, we were again desired to pull off our shoes. Our servants and followers were permitted to advance no further, and even the interpreters to the agent to the governor-general were not allowed to proceed. Leaving our shoes at this place, we advanced, on a paved road, through a passage about fifty yards in length, enclosed by a wall on each side, until we came to another, and the innermost gate. This also opened into a spacious oblong place, in which were disposed several lofty

and handsome buildings, occupied by the king, or appropriated to particular offices. This space was also intersected by coarsely paved roads, no way remarkable for cleanliness, breadth, or beauty. Facing the gate at which we last entered, there was drawn up a double line of musicians, one on each side of the road through which we advanced. A shrill pipe and numerous tomtoms were the only instruments whose sounds we heard, though we observed a number of men furnished with horns, trumpets, chanks, &c. The music, though rude, was not inharmonious or displeasing to the ear, and the interrupted beat, uniform regularity, and softness of the tomtoms was even agreeable. On our right a numerous body of men armed with stout, black, glazed shields and battle axes, were disposed in several close lines within a railing, resting on their knees, and almost concealed by their shields; behind these were placed a few elephants, furnished with scanty but rather elegant housings. Still preceded by the Moormen, we advanced slowly through the musicians to the distance of nearly thirty yards from the last gate, when, making a short turn to the right, we entered a plain-looking building, at one end, and soon found that this was the hall of audience. Fronting the door, and concealing the whole of the interior apartment, there was placed a Chinese screen, covered with landscapes and small plates of looking-glass. We halted for a moment on the threshold, and taking two or three steps to the right, so as to get round the screen, we found ourselves suddenly, and somewhat unexpectedly, in the presence of majesty. A more curious, more extraordinary, or more impressive sight has perhaps rarely been witnessed than that on which we now gazed, with mingled feelings of regret, (I should say of indignation,) and of wonder: of wonder excited by the display of taste, elegance, and richness in the decorations; of regret, or of indignation, caused by the debased condition of a whole nation. Such a scene was well calculated to take a firm hold on the imagination. I shall, however, endeavour to describe it in its true colours, and with the least possible aid from that faculty. The hall was lofty, wide, and well aired, and appeared to be about sixty or eighty feet in length, and of proportionate breadth. The ceiling and walls were painted with various colours, chiefly in the form of wreaths and festoons; the roof was supported by wooden pillars, ten on each side, painted spirally red and dark green. Some small and rather paltry mirrors were disposed on the walls, glass lustres and wall shades were hung in the centre, and to the middle of each pillar was attached a lantern, not much better than our stable lanterns. The floor was covered with carpets of different colours. The doors and windows were in sufficient numbers, but small and without ornament; at the further extremity of the hall, a large handsome curtain, made of cloth covered with tinsel or gold leaf, and suspended by a cord, divided the space occupied by the throne from the rest of the apartment. On each side of this curtain there were placed five or six singular but handsome ornaments,

called *chatt*, consisting of a series of small circular tables suspended over each other, diminishing gradually so as to form a cone, and having a fringe of rich cloth of gold, or tissue, suspended from each tablet.

A few of the presents from the governor-general, as bales of cloth and cut glass, were placed nearly in the middle of the room, and on one side; but we neither remarked the letter from the noble marquis, nor did it appear that any notice whatever was taken of it on this public occasion.

With the exception of a space about twenty feet square, in front of the throne, which was kept clear, the hall was crowded with people to excess. Those of every rank, from the highest to the lowest, from the heir apparent to the throne, to the meanest slave present, had his proper place assigned to him, by which alone he was to be distinguished. The costume of all ranks was plain, neither rich nor showy.

The curtain placed before the throne was drawn aside as we entered. The whole multitude present lay prostrate on the earth, their mouths almost touching the ground; not a body or limb was observed to move, not an eye was directed towards us, not a whisper agitated the solemn and still air. It was the attitude, the silence, the solemnity of the multitude simultaneously addressing the great God of the universe, rather than the homage of even an enslaved people. Not even Rome, fertile in the race of tyrants, nor Dionysius himself, ever produced any degradation to compare with this ignominy.

Raised about twelve feet above the floor, and about two yards behind the curtain alluded to, there was an arched niche, on which an obscure light was cast, of sufficient size to display the human body to effect, in the sitting posture. In this niche was placed the throne, projecting from the wall a few feet. Here, on our entrance, the king sat as immovable as a statue, his eyes directed forwards. He resembled in every respect an image of Buddha placed upon his throne, while the solemnity of the scene, and the attitude of devotion observed by the multitude, left little room to doubt that the temple had been the source from which the monarch of Siam had borrowed the display of regal pomp. He was dressed in a close jacket of gold tissue; on his left was placed what appeared to be a sceptre; but he wore neither crown nor other covering on the head, nor was the former emblem of the office of royalty displayed on the occasion. The throne was hung round with the same sort of cloth which formed the curtain in front, and behind it were placed two of the conical-shaped ornaments formerly mentioned; except in the quality of the cloth with which the throne was surrounded, we could observe no indication of opulence, or of magnificence. There were neither jewels, nor costly workmanship, nor precious stones, nor pearls, nor gold, observable about the person of the king, his throne, or his ministers. The latter were disposed in three lines laterally, extending from the curtain in front; and thus bounded on each side the empty space at the foot of the throne, according to their respective ranks. The chief Suriwong was

placed at a very respectable distance. A considerable degree of light was thrown laterally on the floor at the base of the throne, where large and elegant fans were waved by persons placed behind the curtain. This circumstance added considerable effect to the scene.

Such is a sketch of the form and appearance of Siamese royalty, displayed on our entering the hall. When we had passed the screen, and come in sight of the throne, we pulled off our hats and bowed in the European manner, the two Moormen at the same time falling prostrate, and crawling before us on the ground towards the throne. We were desired to advance in a stooping posture; a narrow space, about three feet in width, was left open in the centre for us to advance through. When we had advanced a few paces in this narrow space, being closely surrounded by the crowd of people, and distant from the throne more than half the length of the hall, all the ministers being a considerable way in front of us on either side, we were desired to seat ourselves on the carpet, in the narrow lane or space through which we had advanced, which we did in the best way we could, the two Moormen placing themselves immediately in front of the agent to the governor-general and his assistant, for the space would only admit of two persons sitting beside each other. Mr. R. and I, therefore, placed ourselves immediately behind the former. We now performed the salutations agreed upon, after which a voice from behind the curtain in front of the throne interrupted the silence which had hitherto prevailed, by reading in a loud tone a list of the presents which had been sent by the governor-general.

The king now addressed some questions to the agent of the governor-general. He spoke in a firm though not a loud voice; in his person he was remarkably stout, but apparently not bloated or unwieldy; he appeared to be about sixty-five years of age. The questions were repeated by the person who had read the list of presents, and from him they were conveyed in whispers by several individuals, till they reached the Moorman, Kochai-Sahac, who, prostrate, like the rest, on the ground, whispered them to the agent to the governor-general, in a tone which I could not hear, though placed immediately behind the latter. The answers to the throne were passed on in the same way. From the tenor of these questions, as related afterwards by Captain Dangerfield, it would appear that they were of a very general nature, and not particularly interesting. While these questions were passing, betel was introduced in handsome silver vessels and gold cups. The audience having lasted about twenty minutes, the king rose from his seat, and turning round to depart, the curtain was immediately drawn in front of the throne. On this all the people raised a loud shout, and turning on their knees, performed numerous salutations, touching the earth and their forehead alternately, with both hands united. The princes and ministers now assuming a sitting posture, by which, for the first time, we were enabled to observe their respective places. We left the

hall of audience without further ceremony. A heavy shower of rain had fallen during the interview, and the roads leading to different parts of the palace, at no time noted for cleanliness, were now covered with water and converted into a dirty puddle; we therefore requested to have our shoes, but in vain, for no notice whatever was taken of our request. On leaving the door of the audience hall, a paltry Chinese umbrella, which might be purchased in the bazaar for a rupee, was given to each of us. Not knowing with what view it was presented, I was about to reject it, when I was told that it was meant as a present from the king.

Mr. Finlayson gives an interesting picture of the Siamese, their manners, character, &c. Among other customs, the practice of burning the dead is very common:—

The ceremony may be witnessed almost daily in the environs, and within the precincts of the temples. The latter are generally provided with a lofty shed, of a pyramidal form, open on all sides, and supported on tall wooden posts, of sufficient height to admit of the combustion of the body without injury to the roof. Nor is even this simple shed common to all. The avarice of the priesthood, taking advantage of the weaker feelings of the human mind, has even here established distinctions at which death mocks. The poorer sort, therefore, raise the pile at a humble distance from the roof of pride.

A singular custom takes place in many instances previous to the ceremony of combustion. It is that of cutting the muscular and soft parts of the body into innumerable small pieces, until nothing is left of the corpse but the bare bones. The flesh thus cut up is thrown to dogs, vultures, and other carnivorous birds, which on this account resort to such places in great numbers. We found one of those pyramids covered with vultures, and the enclosure much frequented by dogs. The scene was loathsome and disgusting in the extreme, and sufficiently attested the prevalence of this custom. The practice is looked upon as charitable and laudable, and the Siamese arrogate to themselves no small share of merit in thus disposing of the body as food, the material of life, to the beasts of the field, and to the birds of the air.

A different custom prevails among the higher orders of Siamese, which, considering that the body is finally destined to be consumed by fire, is as unaccountable as the other is barbarous and unfeeling. The custom I allude to is that of embalming the dead. But what seems most singular in this custom is, that the body has no sooner undergone that degree of preparation which renders it capable of being preserved for a longer period, than it is destined to be totally consumed. The art of embalming, as known to the Siamese, is extremely imperfect, notwithstanding that it has been practised from very ancient times.

That this is an interesting work will be seen from our extracts; it is also valuable for the information it contains respecting a people with whom we are very little acquainted.

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ORIGINAL.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

WHEN last week we undertook, and we trust successfully, to vindicate the British Museum from some charges brought against it in the public journals, we stated that we did not consider the establishment perfect, and that we would offer some suggestions for its improvement; this promise we shall now attempt to redeem.

The British Museum has a twofold character; it is an exhibition and a literary institution, and the persons who are attracted to visit it on one of those accounts, are perfectly indifferent as to the other. As an exhibition, except as to works of art, it is certainly not particularly rich, for important as the study of geology and mineralogy may be, we do not think specimens of productions, illustrative of those sciences, are calculated for a popular exhibition; and, as an exhibition only they can now be considered—though, as a school, to be studied at leisure, and uninterrupted they might be of great importance. What we should, therefore, recommend, is, the separation of the mere spectacle part of the Museum from the objects of study—a division of the *utile* from the *dulci*, with the exception of the galleries of antiquity, which we would certainly continue open to the public.

With regard to the library and the reading rooms, which we consider by far the most important branches of this national establishment, we should advise much alteration. We are not anxious to abridge the facilities of admission, but it is essential for the due exercise of the privilege that the persons admitted should in some degree be classified: the students in the fine arts, the classical readers, the antiquaries, and the general readers might, appropriately enough, have each a room, where works connected with their pursuits, might be most accessible, by placing those of a general character—that is, works of reference, in the apartment. Indeed, there are certain works which ought to be in all the reading rooms, such as encyclopedias, dictionaries, elementary treatises, collections of biography, magazines, reviews, catalogues, &c. &c. Of late years, something has been done in this way in the British Museum, by the introduction of a few lexicons, a set of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and a biographical dictionary in French, the title of which we forget; and more, we doubt not, would be done, were not all the shelves (a portable book case or two excepted) occupied with the Harleian MSS.

Another thing very requisite, is a more rigid enforcement of the existing regulations, with regard to the conduct of the persons admitted. We recollect the time when the reading room was as quiet and as orderly as a Quaker's meeting, whereas it now resembles a meeting at a tavern, where every person is on the move, and where the courtesies of life are thought unworthy of observance. We are aware that the relaxation in the rules of the Museum is owing to an excessive good nature or delicacy on the part of the officers of the establishment, but their violation is a cruel infliction on the gentlemen who

really go to study, which, for their sakes, ought not to be tolerated.

That a new catalogue of the printed books is much wanted, there can be no doubt; there should not only be an alphabetical catalogue, but a catalogue *raisonné*, so that a person might know what has been written on any particular subject, and ascertain it without reading from the alpha to the omega of the present catalogue. We believe a catalogue of this sort is in preparation, by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, and we know no gentleman better qualified, either by talents or industry, to execute it well. In the meantime, we would suggest that copies of Watts's *Bibliotheca Britannica*, the catalogue of Sir Joseph Banks, and others of a similar nature, in which the works are classified, should be constantly kept in the reading rooms.

With regard to the incompleteness of the library of the British Museum, either as to editions or to works themselves, we do not see how this is to be remedied, unless Parliament appropriate a certain sum annually for the purpose; or a committee be appointed to draw up a list of the desiderata, and state the sum necessary to procure them. Until Parliament does this, it is idle to prate about the library of the British Museum being defective.

Another suggestion that we would offer, and a very important one it is—is, that the reading room should be kept open for a much longer period each day than it is. At present, thirty hours in each week is the very utmost the most industrious book-worm can pass in this establishment; and those hours, too, in such a part of the day, as no person who has other avocations, can possibly spare to literary study or research. We are aware that some argument may be founded on the danger of fire, if candles are admitted, and yet this would apply to our literary institutions, to the Bank of England, and to other places, where the property is very valuable. Certainly, in order to extend the hours of admission to the reading room (for it is of this we speak), it would be necessary to increase the number of officers and attendants on the establishment; but what is this? Thank God our country is neither so poor, nor the public so niggardly, as to grumble at the appropriation of a few hundreds, or even thousands, to the support of a national establishment like the British Museum; at all events, if it is, it is very inconsistent, when it suffers Mr. M'Adam to receive Parliamentary grants of four or six thousand pounds for his notable discovery of grinding granite pavement into mud. In short, increased liberality on the part of Parliament is essential to the well doing of the British Museum, and a more liberal allowance to the officers would not only be of great service, but an act of positive justice, for we know of no class of persons so wretchedly paid. Without this, our suggestions could not be carried into effect. Whether it is or is not desirable that they should be adopted, we leave the public to determine, but we can assure our readers that they are offered in sincerity, and with an ardent wish to improve an establishment in itself excellent, though much abused, and

with a view to render it more useful than it now is. The first thing, however, and we repeat it, is an increased liberality—no, we will not call it liberality—an increased allowance on the part of Parliament, for, without this, few or no essential improvements can be made in the British Museum.

THE AGE OF INTELLIGENCE—THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—I hope you will grant me the favour, as on former occasions, of a place in the columns of *The Literary Chronicle*, for the following observations and reflections.

We judge of all things by comparing them in degree or magnitude to some other things; except, perhaps, only certain mathematical figures or quantities, such as a square or circle; which figures must always be squares or circles; but yet when compared with other squares or circles, they have the qualities of greater or less.

In comparing the present age in Britain with those which have preceded, we may call it the age of intelligence; not, perhaps, that any individual genius now living can vie with some of those who have passed away, but because the modes of instruction are more numerous, and, by availing ourselves of the discoveries of our predecessors, our sphere of knowledge becomes wider and wider, each adding a little, still amplifying itself, and that probably without limit.

A philanthropist cannot but contemplate with infinite pleasure, the many efforts that are now making, and in actual operation for the good of mankind. None of these, perhaps, deserve our consideration more than those for the education of youth and the improvement of the more mature. Education is the pioneer that precedes the display of almost all the noble faculties of man.

Among the various modes of instruction, none, perhaps, rank higher for utility than the many literary and scientific institutions of this city; and of these, none, certainly, is more illustrious than the Royal Institution. And it gives me pleasure to find that this society does not relax in giving instruction to the public in experimental philosophy, agreeably to the spirit of the original founders. Professor Millington, to-day, at the Royal Institution, delivered his third lecture of a course of experimental philosophy, chiefly intended for the benefit and instruction of the youth from school during the vacations. It is impossible not to be delighted with Mr. Millington's natural and unaffected manner of demonstration. His subject, also, is highly interesting, every thing is well chosen, and illustrated with familiar and apposite examples; his language, too, is easy and flowing. If he has any fault, it is that, having so much to say, he seems sometimes to be rather out of breath; this arises from too strong a desire to cram a certain quantity of instruction into a certain portion of time; would it not be better to lop off some branch of his very extended subject?

But what will afford a benevolent mind the highest gratification is, to see his youthful audience, of both sexes, listen with atten-

tion, and observe the wonderful operations of nature. May they also see the hand of God in all these wonders.

Nothing, perhaps, is more calculated to wean youth from idle and vicious habits, and give their minds an exalted turn than these innocent amusements, which so much arrest the attention. NAUTICUS.

Friday evening, 23rd Dec. 1825.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET

Sacred to the Memory of my lamented Mary, who died November 28th, after a few days illness, at Watford, Herts, of the water on the brain, in the 36th year of her age.

'Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires.'
WOULD I could weep!—for then my anguish'd heart

Might find relief!—the fountain and the spring are dry;

And not a tear from these sunk eyes depart,
But, from my breast, the deep-drawn length-ning sigh!—

That she is 'dead!' I hear, but doubt the truth,

At least I dream 'that this can never be!'—
But yesterday, my love, the rose of youth
Wore on her lips—and press'd those lips to me!

That they are cold in death—that last embrace
I took speaks loud!—and the last look I gave
When late I gaz'd upon her lifeless face,
Tells my sear'd heart that she is in the grave!—

O! may the summer buds adorn the spot—
Where she now sleeps—by all but me forgot!
Lincoln's Inn, Dec. 22, 1825. H.

TO BLUE EYES.

BLUE eyes, blue eyes! ye beautiful blue eyes!
And pale rose cheeks, and flaxen locks,
adieu,

I fly to those of passion's warmer hue,
So flies the air-fed bird to sunnier skies,
And greener trees than those near which it grew,
And brighter leaves, and flowers of deeper dyes,

Where Zephyr moans and Auster soft replies,
The freshness of its spirit to renew.

In raven tresses, and a dusker cheek,
And eyes, whose ebon darkness draws the frame

From dull and silent apathy, I seek
To rouse the embers of youth's tender flame,
Lit up by ye within me, soft blue eyes,
And fed by happy tears, and fann'd by loving sighs. S. R. J.

EARTHENWARE FRAGMENTS*.

(Sixth Series.)

FIRST—THE PITCHER.

'Twas town—the pottery stood behind,
Where the shop stood before;
Fresh from the moulder's hands there shone
A pitcher on the floor.

Pitchers, like men, die one by one,
By accident or wear;
This pitcher lost its sides and ears—
All that remains is here!

My heart is like a pitcher, love,
'Tis broke as thou canst tell;
It proves the adage—'Pitchers go
Too often to the well.'

* See fifth series in a contemporary journal of December 17.

And worse my state—for I am poor;
My hearth is fireless too;
I'd mend my heart, but where's the chink
Will buy a pitcher new?

SECOND—THE CUP.

There was a paleness on its front, that proved
The paint had been washed off; upon its rim
There was a crack, a long and crooked crack,
Not broken through, nor shiver'd—but the sign
Of a cup badly used—one that had given
The drunkard draughts and beat him; and had borne

The prime October from the cellar's cask;
Had deeply felt itself the vanity
Of love and ale; and now could only feel
The toper's pledge, a mockery to the sense,—
Who could believe him?

THIRD—THE BASIN.

Last night the milk was spilled,
The kettle boiled and sung,
And in the basin the water hot
Was like a torrent flung.

The basin started loud,
As I hearkened to the tone;
I thought of that basin's fate,
And wished it were mine own.

The water burn'd my shin,—
It pierced my inmost veins;
I'll seek the Basin in the Park,
And end these earthly strains.

POLLY PANTILE.

FINE ARTS.

Illustrations to the Decameron.

By T. STOTHARD, R. A.

MR. WILLIAM PICKERING, of Chancery Lane, is well known to the public as a very spirited and successful publisher. Indeed we have been so long accustomed to eulogize everything put forth with the sanction of his name, that we feel awkward when obliged to speak of his works in any other terms than those of unqualified approbation. With regard to the present illustrations, however, the general tenor of our 'human kindness' is somewhat ruffled; though it is but just to add that our opinion is not acknowledged by all parties. The work before us has been lavishly praised by some of our cotemporaries.

With the original pictures, which were exhibited some years back by Stothard, at the Royal Academy, we have nothing to do—our remarks apply principally to the engravings just published. Now, we consider these engravings to have lost a great deal of the beauty which characterized their originals. The natural ease and elegance of figure, for which Stothard is deservedly celebrated, is here stiffened and starched up into the resemblance of any thing rather than the Italian character. The faces of all the men and women are alike, so that their heads might be transplanted to each other's shoulders, without in any way demolishing the general features of the picture. Besides this unhappy uniformity of aspect, there is a sharp, disagreeable, and ill-humoured cast of countenance uniformly pervading the whole of the *dramatis personæ*. Their eyes are all triangular, with large balls fixed in an ample space of white, without characteristic expression or natural beauty. The noses are all sharp-pointed, and expanded into undue proportions—which are kept in countenance by similar sized and similar shaped chins. Sam

Rogers likens them to a 'set of family shoeing horns,'—which, though a grotesque, is by no means an inappropriate simile. The men all look as if they were angry, and the women as if they were prudes, which, by the by, is exactly contrary to Boccaccio's descriptions. Again, the figures of the women are mostly inelegant—and often incorrect in their proportions, having too much of the hour-glass shape, far more befitting a Dutch or Flemish, than an Italian demoiselle.—These blemishes run through the whole of the engravings, which are ten in number, and materially diminish the grace and elegance of these pictures; and they strike forcibly and chilly upon our minds as we turn our eye from the delicious and highly polished descriptions of Boccaccio to the illustrations of the artist. They do not illustrate his text, but diminish the pleasure to be derived from it, by presenting us with images less beautiful than those conjured up by our own imagination.

We should state that these embellishments are not descriptive of the tales related in the Decameron, but of the scenes depicted in the introductions to each of the ten 'days.' This, in our opinion, was not a wise arrangement. There is scarcely one of the stories in the whole book which would not afford materials for designs of the highest order, and of the greatest variety—grand, humorous, or pathetic. But the introductions are all of the same sort, peculiar for little else than their rich descriptions of local scenery. On this account there is a sad lack of variety in these embellishments, all of them portraying the same characters, and in the same or similar situations. This, however, is no fault in the pictures themselves, but in the publisher, who selected Stothard's designs for his embellishments, instead of employing some clever artist to make new ones expressly for the publication. And Stothard, after all, was a hard original to choose—for we never saw one of his pictures which was not spoiled in an engraving. There is a peculiarity about him which cannot be caught or imitated.

Since we have been so unreserved in pointing out the defects of these illustrations, it will be but candid to lay our 'bane and antidote' side by side, and say what we can in their favour. The scenery, then, throughout the whole of them, is exquisite—sunny, rich, luxuriant, in short, it is truly Italian. Nothing can surpass the calm and placid beauty of the night scene in the ninth engraving—the holy calm and stillness which seems to breathe over it. Perhaps the best picture, taken all in all for its scenery and figures, is the sixth, which represents the ladies bathing in the 'Valle delle donne.' It is voluptuous, yet chaste and elegant—and the perfect harmony of the scenery, the sunny looking sky, the birds, flowers, and shrubs which enhance the magic of this elysian spot, might well be mistaken for a specimen of Paradise. Nor is the second picture much less beautiful in its scenery—it represents the party seated in the bosom of a 'bushy dell,' relating their stories. The figures we cannot admire—but we cannot look upon the scene, without longing to be seated there with them—'amongst

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them, but not of them.' These, which we have enumerated, are the best specimens, but there are several others which possess great merit for their landscape scenery. But we think that Boccaccio has not yet been illustrated as he deserves. We hope to see the day when an artist shall take the task in hand, who can combine the rich scenery of Stothard with the humour, dignity, and grace of Smirke, Westall, or Leslie.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

AFTER having, for many years, allowed those Christmas gambols, the pantomimes, to rank under the head of the drama, we begin to feel some doubts whether they come strictly under the title—those doubts, however, we will take a lord-chancellor's time to consider, and in the mean time allow pantomimes to rank as dramas—a distinction to which they have certainly as much claims as many pieces that are now produced on the stage; that they are amusing no one will deny, and even the gravest of us, if we do not laugh at the grimace of the clown, the transformations of harlequin, the disasters of the lover and pantaloons, feel refreshed with the reminiscence they bring of those happy days when such things were to our youthful imaginations the summit of earthly happiness. There is another pleasure in going to a pantomime—that of seeing so many young people happy; all that annoys us is the previous performance of a tragedy, which few persons care a straw about, and of which no human being can hear more than a few unconnected words. We would have the holiday evenings' amusement to commence with the pantomime, when those who were not satisfied with a feast of *game*, might remain to enjoy the more heavy, but less digestible, food of a tragedy. Managers, however, will have their own way in these matters; and perhaps they are right, for it might be too great an innovation to violate the orthodox plan of commencing a holiday entertainment with 'a deep tragedy.' We now proceed to notice the pantomimic vagaries of last St. Stephen's night; and first of

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The genius of pantomime does not always hold her seat at this theatre; indeed, she is a fickle dame, and often transfers her favours. This year, however, she has been more liberal to Old Drury than usual, for a very showy pantomime, under the title of *Harlequin, Jack of all Trades*, has been produced. Although plots in plays are almost as much out of fashion as plots in politics, yet there is an attempt at something like one even in pantomimes; and the following is an outline of the history of *Harlequin, Jack of all Trades*:—

The Queen of Clubs is left to pine in widowed solitude, and regret the decease of her sable lord. Although there are two aspirants for the honour of her hand—the King of Hearts and Jack of all Trades, the defunct monarch of Clubs, or rather his brazen image, takes a somewhat unusual interest in the disposal of his widow, and steps in between the competitors in a rather critical time and place. Jack of all Trades has a Ge-

nus luckily disposed to assist him, who transforms Jack into Harlequin, and his mistress into Columbine. The rival King of Hearts is touched by the genius's wand, and becomes pantaloons. The brass statue of the 'buried majesty' of Clubland is transmuted into the clown. From this point the pantomime commences; and after the usual number of tricks and changes, and the usual kicks and cuffs, the lovers are united.

The tricks and transformations are in general good, the music pretty, and the scenery excellent. There is one scene, by Stanfield—or rather a succession of scenes, which is truly admirable; it represents the progress of a ship from its launch at Dover (inclusive), through a dreadful hurricane, to its arrival in a foreign port. It is altogether a most masterly production. Roberts had also some very clever scenes. The pantomime was received with great applause.

COVENT GARDEN.—The tragedy of *Isabella*, in which Miss Lacy's good action, in the character of the name, even awed the gods to silence, was succeeded by a pantomime, called *Harlequin and the Magic Rose*. The author of this pantomime mistook his cue; he rested his talents on the opening-scene, which ninety-nine out of every hundred pantomime-hunters do not care a farthing about; and hence, when the metamorphoses commenced, the merit of the piece ended. The tricks are dismally stale—indeed, a mere repetition, with little alteration, of those of last year; the best thing, and that by no means original—being borrowed from a caricature—is, swelling out the living skeleton to the size of Sir William Curtis. The pantomime was much hissed, and very deservedly, for it is a wretched one, and the worst we ever witnessed on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre.

SURREY THEATRE.—A new piece, called *The Ape and the Infant*, sustained the honours of a holiday-night at this theatre, sans pantomime: it is certainly very amusing, was very well played, and elicited much applause.

ADELPHI.—The brothers (managers) Terry and Yates at this theatre support the honour of this house, in a very creditable manner, in a new pantomime, called the *Three Golden Lamps*.

SADLER'S WELL.—This theatre commenced, we believe, its first winter season on Monday, under the management of Mr. Thomas Dibdin. A new burletta, called *All in one Night*, and a new pantomime, under the title of *Merlin's Mount*, were the attractions of the evening, and elicited much applause. From the vast new population assembled around this theatre, we should think a winter season very likely to succeed—indeed if the first experiment could be considered a fair criterion, we should say, there can be no doubt of it.

The Equalization of Weights and Measures, which takes place on the 1st of January, will occasion more trouble than any new measure that has been projected within the memory of man. But that difficulty may be completely got the better of by the use of Gutteridge's Tables, sold by Messrs. Knight and Lacey,

which have been framed with great care, can be consulted with great ease, and are, in fact, indispensable for every person in business, and indeed for everybody.

Authentic accounts have been received of the safe arrival of the North-West expedition, under Captain Franklin, at Athabasca, where they had fixed their winter quarters. The party were all in good health and in high spirits.

The Sabbath Muse, a Poem is on the eve of publication.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec. 23	38	46	43	29 87	Fair.
.... 24	35	40	49	30 15	Do.
.... 25	46	51	44	29 70	Cloudy.
.... 26	38	42	44	.. 82	Fair.
.... 27	30	32	28	.. 89	Do.
.... 28	32	38	34	.. 70	Cloudy.
.... 29	33	36	34	.. 70	Foggy.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to apologize for the omission of several valuable communications, some of which will appear in our next, when the disposal of others shall be noticed.

Complete sets of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE, from the year 1819, may be had at the office, in Surrey Street.

TOTAL ALTERATION IN WEIGHTS AND MEASURES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Weight and Measure Office pro tempore for Middlesex, 14, Charles Street, Soho Square.

THE AUTHORISED TABLES of the CONSERVATOR of WEIGHTS and MEASURES, for the COUNTY of MIDDLESEX. (W. Gutteridge.) Calculator of Imperial Tables to the City of London, are this day published by Knight and Lacey, Paternoster Row. They are as follows, viz.:—

- 1st.—BOOKS.
 - Quantity Equalization Tables for the Breweries of England and Ireland, 2s.
 - Ditto for Wine and Spirit Merchants of England, 2s.
 - Ditto for Wine and Spirit Merchants of Ireland, 1s.
 - Ditto for Corn and Malt Dealers, &c. of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, 1s.
- 2nd.—BOARDS.—To hang up in Counting Houses, Shops, Bars of Inns, &c.
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